SOME PARTICULARS,

RELATING TO

THE *LIFE* AND *DEATH*,

OF

Rebecca Scudamore,

INTERSPERSED WITH

INTERESTING REFLEXIONS;

TOGETHER WITH

EXTRACTS from divers of her LETTERS;

COLLECTED BY

S. YOUNG.

INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF HER OWN CASE.

BRISTOL:

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1790.

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Candid Reader,

SOME sincere Friends of the late REBECCA SCUDAMORE, *deceased*, having from an undissembled regard to her memory, drawn up and even printed, before my knowing it, a true and just, though comprehensive description of her character, entitled *Memento*, and now with several small alterations and additions, it is at their desire prefixed; which I conceiv'd to be most proper, *previous* to entering on an attempt to recount some *Particulars* relative to her life, to which I was earnestly solicited by many of her Friends, who suggested, that a life so *exemplary* and *uncommon*, might, by divine blessing, prove useful, if rendered more *public*; thereby affording a lasting testimony to the religion she professed, and that tho' dead, it might with truth be said, *she yet speaketh*, especially to such persons who never knew her *real character*, and have en-

tertain'd wrong conceptions of it :—I have in compliance therewith, endeavour'd to collect and adduce only matters of *fact*, partly from my own knowledge, and partly from what could be obtained from other persons, inserting Extracts from such of her Letters as could be procured, that eminently discover her experience, spirit, and disposition, interspersing such incidents and reflexions, as naturally occur'd, including my own Case; concluding with a short Narrative of the closing scene to her life, already in print, and when written was conceiv'd to have been the only monument to her memory, and the whole of what my abilities could ever have furnished,—And now, commiting this undertaking, with all its imperfections, to the Author and Dispenser of every good; and thyself to his divine direction and guidance, I am,

Candid Reader,

Thy real Friend,

S. Y.

CONTENTS.

☞ *An Error of the Press having escaped in the Folios of 8 Pages, the Reader will observe that the Numbers from 57 to 64 are repeated.*

MEMENTO.

ON THURSDAY the 29th day of *April*, 1790, at the hour of five in the afternoon, died, of a painful and long continued disease, in the 62d year of her age, Mrs. REBECCA SCUDAMORE, the Wife of Counsellor SCUDAMORE, of BRISTOL, and her Remains deposited in St. *Werburgh's Church*.—She was a person of exemplary piety, deservedly lamented by all her real Friends.—Language would fail to describe the noble qualities of her soul.—Suffice it to observe,—she was naturally of a sweet complacent disposition,—that at an early period, by divine illumination, she discovered the human mind to be by nature in a state of deep depravity, tho' form'd for an higher and better life, obtainable only by a divine nature to be derived from JESUS CHRIST;—that taking the advice of our LORD to the rich young man, she, like the worthies of old, totally renounced the world,—its follies and vanities; disregarding the derisions of those who account such wisdom to be madness;—that at length, possessing an hope full of immortality, and the love of a crucified Redeemer *in her heart*, she trode in his blessed footsteps of poverty, humility, and meekness;—during a series of years, previous to her death, patiently suffering a variety of the severest inward and outward troubles, acquiescing in the divine will, not only with submission, but thankfulness;

fulneſs; and her ſoul became ſo moulded and faſhioned into the image and likeneſs of her Saviour, that it might truly be ſaid, *ſhe had been with Jeſus*; by whoſe ſpiritual guidance, ſtrength and ſupport, ſhe was enabled to practiſe *ſelf-denial* and *ſelf-abaſement* in an eminent degree.—Not attach'd to any ſect or party, ſhe eſteem'd and revered the *pious* of every name and nation; her capacious ſoul embracing the whole of mankind, as the offſpring of one and the ſame common parent, and *the redeemed of one and the ſame common Saviour*;—In ſhort, her love was ſo diffuſive, it extended to all parties and degrees, ſeeking every opportunity of doing good without partiality; evidencing in every action of her life, (fully confirm'd at her death) that the religion ſhe profeſſed, directs to heavenly wiſdom and heavenly love, and that all its paths are PEACE.

Now Reader, obſerve the words of ſacred record, —"Bleſſed are the dead that die in the LORD; even ſo ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt from their labors.—GOD ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—*There* ſhall be neither ſorrow nor pain.—*Then* ſhall the righteous ſtand in great boldneſs before the face of ſuch as have afflicted him,—when they ſhall be amazed and ſay, this was he whom *we fools* accounted his life madneſs,—What hath PRIDE profited, or what good hath riches brought us? *All thoſe things are paſſed away like a ſhadow.*"

ISAIAH liv. 5, 6.

Thy Maker is thine Husband, the LORD *of Hosts is his name.—— The* LORD *hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, when thou wast refused.*

REBECCA THORNHILL, afterwards SCUDAMORE, was born the 25th of January, in the year 1729, in BRISTOL; where her father was a surgeon of considerable eminence, but in the decline of life retir'd.—Her mother was endow'd with an extraordinary good natural understanding, improv'd by more than usual literary education, tho' unhappily imbibed principles of scepticism and infidelity, which learning and good abilities too frequently furnish weapons for defending.—But it pleased GOD to discover, and she became fully convinced, that *Reason unrenewed, is really a* SLAVE *to the human Will*; that therefore her book learning must yield to an higher Instructor, and that it was meer foolishness when compared to that wisdom which is to be derived from above, the *source* of all true wisdom and knowledge:—That her immortal part (the soul) ought to have her chief concern, and to provide for its eternal safety ought to be her principal business in this world; and

finally, ſhe became a ſincere and real Convert, embracing the Truth as it is in JESUS.—This will appear by the following brief account, receiv'd from my late dear friend R. S. only a few months previous to her death, by a perſon who attended her, and by whom it was communicated; viz. That ſhe was *nine* years old when her mother died,—that about *four* years before her death, her mother was awakened, and became truly religious; that then ſhe diſcovered ſingular affection for *Rebecca*, tho' before had ſhew'd a preference and greater liking to her other children;—that after this, an incident occur'd, which was often mentioned by R. S. even within a very ſhort ſpace of her own deceaſe;——that ſhe was once taken for a ride, with her mother and a particular friend, and whilſt they were converſing on religious ſubjects, *Rebecca* was aſked, What ſhe thought thereof? The Child anſwer'd,—She was like *Mary Magdalen—ſhe loved much, for ſhe had much forgiven.* Such an anſwer from a child ſurpriſed,—and they enquired What ſhe had to be forgiven?—She ſaid, *her ſins had been great,—that ſhe had prayed, and had found peace.*

When this circumſtance was lately mentioned by R. S. ſhe ſaid, that ſuch was *the peace, then enjoyed,* ſhe remember'd its ſweetneſs to *that very day.*—On this declaration, her mother was quite in a rapture, and taking *Rebecca* in her arms, careſs'd her with great delight.—Altogether as ſingular was that which hiſtory

history relates of a girl, not exceeding the age of our *Rebecca*, who was perpetually asking its parents and others, *where do the Christians live?*—they replied, *she now lived amongst Christians*: No, said the child, that cannot be; the self-denying lives of those I have heard of in the Gospels, and the Life of JESUS CHRIST, were *quite different*.——R. S. said, her Father greatly opposed her Mother going amongst the *Methodists*, who came out about this time, (upwards of 50 years since) whose ministry she was very desirous of attending;—that to prevent it, he even confin'd her to the house, treating her with much severity; but that she, notwithstanding, found means for frequent opportunities:—And, that it is probable her Mother, (under such circumstances) was led to some little irregularities, and to practise austerities not altogether defensible, which seemed to have produced bodily disorders: But that she died *happy, with an hope full of immortality*; which R. S. said, she well remembered, altho' so young, (mentioning it only *three days* before her own decease;) also that her Mother told those about her, on the day of her death, that she was then *going to spend an eternal Sabbath with her Saviour*.—That the night preceding, she sent for *Rebecca*, and said, *She had a promise for her*,—that *there was an everlasting inheritance prepared for her*; and that *she should meet her in the next world*.—She further related, that after the death of her Mother, her Father became very unhappy, and was seized with a fit of sickness, insomuch that it was appre-

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hended he could not recover.—That he then declared, *he would never have any one oppose any person on account of religion; but*, said he, *let such an one go the way he likes.* And it was really observ'd, he never did oppose his daughter R. S. when she became religious, many years afterwards; her Father being then alive.—She said, he married again in about nine months, to a very worthy woman, whom the children of his former wife loved, as if she had been their own Mother;—that this second wife had a long and painful illness, during which, *Rebecca*, then about *eighteen years of age*, attended her; and her Mother-in-law would frequently say, that God *would reward her for it, by giving Rebecca a good child, to attend her also in her last moments*:—This R. S. would often declare was literally fulfilled in Nancy Edkins, whom she had taken under her care from a child, and whom she always termed *her Child.*

In about eighteen months after the death of this second wife, R. S. said, her Father married again, to one of a different description, a person of much gaiety.—Observing, that when she had attained the age of twenty-one, *Counsellor Scudamore* commenc'd her Suitor, but from some disagreement about a marriage settlement, the matter drop'd;—that she then took a journey, with her Mother-in-law, to the *City* of *York*, there spending some months; during which she had several exceeding good offers, which she refused, and nothing could make

make her forget the first (the Counsellor) for whom she had conceiv'd a singular affection; it even led her to *pray* and *promise*, that if God would give her the man she loved, *she would devote herself to* God;—that some time after her return home, the *Counsellor* renew'd his overtures, and on the 25th day of *May*, 1752, (when she had attained twenty-three years of age and upwards) they were married. —And she now entered the fashionable world, and into a full participation of its enjoyments.—Thus far the account given by R. S. —Our intimacy commenced in 1757, about five years after her marriage, and I had the favor of being much in her company, which was the most agreeable and pleasant I had ever met with.—Her mien and manner were very engaging,—naturally of a sprightly and cheerful disposition, always preserving an equanimity of temper, even on very trying occasions, tho' no one possessed of more quicker or more exquisite sensibilities.——Her conjugal affections, which at this time met with reciprocal return, to me appeared carried too high, making her husband an idol; and in the freedom of conversation, I once remarked, that there was but one blemish in her character,—an excess of creature love, which I wished her to restrain:—She receiv'd the reproof with a *smile*, and said, *I love my friend for her openness; but I do love my husband, and do not at present, see any reason for altering my conduct.*

Her

Her amiable qualities, good sense, and engaging demeanor, endeared her to all her very extensive and polite acquaintance, with whom we often met at assemblies, and other places of public amusement, conforming to the customs and fashions of the times; which rendered our company acceptable, and indeed afforded some pleasure, tho' *no real* satisfaction; for amidst all our gaiety, each of us felt at intervals, tho' too, too much unheeded and neglected, *a monitor* within, *a desire after GOD, an attraction, that I believe every man and woman living is forced to feel, whether he will or no;—for it is a truth, that GOD hath a certain secret power within the human heart, which is watching every opportunity of saying something, either of the vanity of the world, or the guilt or consequences of sin;—that without arguments, rises up in the soul; and would be doing some good to it, if not quenched and resisted, by the noise and hurry either of pleasures or business:*—In short, *the human heart wants nothing but GOD, and nothing but the heart can receive him;—this is the only place and seat of Religion, and of all Communication between GOD and man;—for the soul hath an infinite desire, and an infinite capacity, which nothing but an infinite good can satisfy.—Therefore, dear Reader, this internal sentiment, this instinct of goodness, is the preservation and the saving man from being like to the beasts and fallen spirits.—It is preventing Grace, because it prevents, or goes before, and is not given for any thing we have done. And it is a glorious Truth, that there is no partiality in GOD, but*

that

that every human soul hath a general call, and a general capacity to obtain salvation: In this degree of Redemption is every creature born of Adam:—If we trample this pearl under our feet, our destruction is then from ourselves; but if we yield, if we will suffer the spark of this inward Redeemer to kindle and spread, the light of life to arise, the voice of GOD to be heard, then will the Divine Life be most assuredly brought forth, and when our body dies, we shall fall into all the fulness of GOD.

This divine Monitor, as before observ'd, was felt at intervals, amidst all our gaiety:—unavoidably creating some uneasiness, and forcing many a *sigh!*—Nevertheless, neither of us pretended to any other than a little head knowledge,—meerly the *external* or *shell* of religion; and (Pharisee like) a decent outside appearance was strictly observed.—My Friend was as partial to the *Presbyterian*, (with which she was then connected) as I was to the *establish'd Form of Worship*, (in which I was educated) and our difference in opinion would now and then occasion little disputes, at which my zeal, (so foolish was I, and void of understanding,) would sometimes be rather overheated, but she was moderate; so that our controversies always ended in good humour, without the least breach between us.—About seven years after marriage, she experienced a fit of illness, which was much apprehended tended to a decline.—This, and previous convictions, brought on serious reflexions, and a recollection of the promise

she

ſhe had made of *giving herſelf up to GOD*, which attended her both by day and by night. Other particulars will appear in a Letter written by herſelf.

This happened in 1759, in which year I accompanied my Friend and her Huſband to WEYMOUTH, in hope of benefiting her health; —he left us in a few days, but we continued there *ſix weeks*.—Her mind was now brought under very deep convictions, and religious awakenings, tho' not from any thing we heard from without; but wholly and ſolely from an inviſible divine power ſecretly operating within; and her attention was ſo entirely fixed on what ſhe felt, that all inclination for conforting with the company was taken away.—We kept only to ourſelves, frequently ſpending many hours together on the ſands near the ſea ſhore. She kept a ſmall Bible in her pocket, on purpoſe for frequent peruſal;—being fully ſatisfied that the LORD was carrying on a great work in her ſoul, ſhe yielded to it, patiently ſubmitting to the ſcourges of conſcience, tho' it often threw her into the greateſt agonies; and when at our lodgings, would fall proſtrate on her knees, and, amazing now to recollect! ſhe was at this early period, ſo evidently led in the *inward path*, that ſhe would at ſuch ſeaſons frequently continue on her knees from *one to two hours at a time*, in *ſilent prayer*, when I waited by her ſide; and tho' it was irkſome to my nature, and painful to my body, yet I felt the happy effects of it in my ſpirit, ſuch

ſuch as is *never to be forgotten:* And as ſhe had never been taught by any human means, to ſeek and wait for divine help in *ſilent prayer*, it may with much truth be affirmed, and cannot be too much admired, that the LORD *alone* was herein her Shepherd, and the inſpiration of the ALMIGHTY, *her leader and her guide.*

It is likewiſe wonderful to reflect, that the *Holy Spirit* began now to operate ſo *powerfully*, by teaching and illuminating her mind, and opening to her the ſcriptures, inſomuch that many paſſages ſhe would at this time, to my great aſtoniſhment, often explain to me in a moſt beautiful and edifying manner.

The day was now fixed for our leaving WEYMOUTH.—We ſat off early in the morning, and the following day reach'd *Penſford* about twelve o'clock at noon, where we continued until the cool of the evening, (the weather being very hot.)—After refreſhing ourſelves, we retired to a room above ſtairs, intending to reſt on a bed, but at that inſtant a variety of conflicting paſſions, ſo deeply exerciſed and violently agitated my poor Friend, that ſhe could take no reſt, but threw herſelf on the bed, continuing in an agony of prayer for the ſpace of *five hours*, during which ſhe ſaid, *ſhe had now a clear view of the ſufferings that awaited her, and which ſhe was then going to encounter*;—adding, that ſhould ſhe prove *unfaithful* to the diſcoveries, which in mercy, had been made to her mind, dreadful would be the conſequence!—I can

never

never for get what I myſelf then felt.—She had by this time entirely won me over to the ſide of religion; tho' as yet I knew very little of the evil, which lay undiſcloſed in my own heart:—I had even enjoy'd at ſeaſons, a view of the felicities of an eternal world, which ſhe had been enabled to ſet forth in ſuch a manner, that I miſtakenly conceiv'd, nothing could ever have effac'd its memory. But how diſcouraging to ſo young a beginner, was the diſtreſs of my dear Friend now before my eyes! —In this ſituation we arriv'd the ſame evening at BRISTOL.—Her Huſband ſoon perceiv'd an alteration in us both;—inſtead of our former gaiety, lightneſs, and trifling, an unaccuſtom'd ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity; and, as he naturally might, he enquir'd the occaſion, and remonſtrated.—But my dear Friend, with no leſs than the courage of a ſoul divinely animated, boldly declared the alarming views ſhe then had of an *eternal world*, and of the indiſpenſable neceſſity of becoming *a new creature*, in order to attain true peace here, and everlaſting happineſs hereafter; that ſhe could no longer think of living to *pleaſe herſelf*, but to *pleaſe* CHRIST, who had died for her; and taking her huſband by the hand, entreated him in the moſt endearing, tender manner, to unite with her in this *one thing needful*.—He really was affected, and wept, but the impreſſion ſoon wore off.—From this time, I have abundant cauſe to believe, ſhe never deviated from following her Redeemer, in humility, patience, reſignation, and ſelf-denial, ſhe having previouſly

viouſly ſat down and counted the coſt; and like unto his dear diſciples in all ages, hath at length, *through much tribulation*, entered his kingdom.—At this period R. S. made a conſiderable alteration in her dreſs, leaving off what was meerly ornamental and ſuperfluous; but her ideas were ſo enlarged, that ſhe did not conſider this as a matter eſſential; yet from the knowledge ſhe had of the human heart, in its unregenerate ſtate, ſhe conſider'd it ſafer, as a woman profeſſing godlineſs, to adorn herſelf in modeſt apparel, it being well known that finery in dreſs, is too apt to ſubject the wearer to ſelf-eſteem;—ſelf-denial, and bearing the croſs, being what ſhe was call'd to, and in which ſhe reſolutely perſiſted, notwithſtanding the many arguments that were uſed for diſſuading her from it.—This was not from humour, but a noble *magnanimity* of ſoul; being aſſur'd by CHRIST himſelf, that if ſhe confeſs'd him before men, he would confeſs her before his heavenly Father.—Her Huſband finding her thus reſolute, became very uneaſy, call'd in her friends, (ſome of whom ſhe highly eſteem'd and lov'd,) to try whether *arguments* would prevail; and in this inſtance ſhe acted a ſevere ſelf-denying part, in oppoſing thoſe who were labouring, as they thought, for her good; but ſhe defended herſelf and the cauſe of religion, againſt all their rhetorick, in ſuch weighty terms, compoſure of mind, and dignity of expreſſion, that her very oppoſers, who charg'd her with errors and deluſion, were either ſilenced, or acknowledged the truth of

what ſhe advanced :—No exulting on her part at the advantage gained over her opponents ;—a modeſt reſervedneſs was natural ; but the Apoſtles exultation may truly be applied to her ;—*In all theſe things we are more than Conquerors, through him that loved us* :—In ſhort, ſhe boldly aſſured her Friends, that by Divine Aſſiſtance, ſhe was fixedly determined to make no alteration, or to know any thing (according to ſcripture language) but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified ; and that it would be her endeavor to *follow him in the regeneration*.—Her Huſband readily acknowledged that his Wife conducted herſelf, as to the concerns of this world, with the diſpoſition of a *Lamb* ; but in the concerns of religion, ſhe acted with the boldneſs of a *Lion*.—The following inſtance was a proof of the remark :—Being engag'd in diſcourſe with him,—in anſwer to ſome matters, which he had advanced, ſhe ſaid,—"Oh Sir, was you to make a fire in that pavement (pointing to it) and burn me in it, I cannot act otherwiſe,"—enlarging on the ſubject ;—at which he was exceedingly ſtruck.

My company being now equally as unacceptable to many of our former acquaintance, as was that of my friend, we parted in about a week after our arrival from *Weymouth*, leaving her to encounter the trials already began, and I return'd to my friends in the country, viſiting her at intervals for the ſpace of *four months* ; after which I was unhappily ſeparated from her during ſeveral years.

And

And *now, Reader, permit me to take thy attention to what more particularly concerns myself alone.*—On parting with my dear Friend, she charg'd and entreated me not to lose the Grace I had receiv'd; observing, that if I took heed, more would be given.—She also recommended my appropriating *two hours* every day, at such seasons as were most convenient, *for waiting upon* God *in silent prayer*; also to read the *scriptures*, and other books, that might inculcate, promote, and tend to the keeping of God *in all my thoughts*. During a few months her advice was observed; but my relations remarking, that my mind was hereby led to inward retirement and recollection, became alarm'd:—They hit upon a scheme, form'd a party, and insisted on my joining them in a journey. I objected, but they were determined, and I must comply. We accordingly repaired to the place of destination,—a Gentleman's house in *Oxfordshire*. Here every amusement was contriv'd for spending our time in dissipation; every day some new scheme for pleasure invented, and as a carriage was kept, visiting or visited, by the neighbouring gentry, (of which were an abundance) fill'd up every moment:—In vain I attempted to keep my hours for retirement, an effectual bar being fixed for preventing it;—a young Gentlewoman slept with me;—I felt shame at appearing to pray, or retire in her presence, and truly her gaiety and merry songs diverted every serious reflexion: I soon caught the spirit, and enter'd into all their mirth, becoming altogether

as

as diſſipated as my aſſociates, tho' often, often caſt a wiſhful glance at the happy moments I had heretofore enjoy'd, but were now departed: —In ſhort, I ſeem'd fully to enter into all the poor enjoyments this world could afford. I ſoon commenc'd acquaintance with a female of ſuperior rank to the other, as well as to myſelf. With her I ran into all the giddy rounds of folly and vanity, that balls, plays, concerts, and other amuſements, could afford; tho' in the midſt I truly felt a vacuum, an *unſatisfied want*; yea, I did *really* feel an hunger after *a better life*; and bleſſed be God, theſe poor gratifications did never totally extinguiſh it.—I even ſeemed to myſelf like a perſon always in *diſguiſe*, and acting a part that did not belong to me, for thoughts of futurity, of *Heaven* and of *Hell*, would involuntarily obtrude.—Ah! little do the deluded compliancers with faſhionable follies and vanities, conceive, what pangs they muſt ſooner or later endure, and what work they are making for *bitter repentance*, by acting againſt the laws of God, and the dictates of their own conſciences; for conſcience, the voice of God within, *will ſpeak and will be heard*, amidſt the career of ſin and pleaſure. I can ſolemnly aver, I never found reſt to my ſoul until I totally ſurrendered;—an awful conſideration! that man, poſſeſſing an immortal ſpirit, originally created in the image and likeneſs of his God, (wofully indeed departed from it,) that man ſhould, notwithſtanding, only live to *eat*, and *drink*, and *ſleep*, and *wake*, *laugh*, and *trifle*, *ſin*—and *die*!

Melancholy

Melancholy reflexion! that the *disordered passions*, and *propensities*, of *depraved human nature*, should prove the real *tormentors*, *if not the murderers of his soul!*

Amongst the many horrors my mind now experienced at intervals, I will mention one, that occur'd amidst the splendor of an *assembly*; —It was, that *I saw the day of judgment, with all its tremendous circumstances attending, clearly represented to my mind*:—And think, oh think, dear Reader! what an alloy this must have prov'd to the suppos'd felicities of an assembly!

Lamentable to relate, I continued in this miserable, *artificial* kind of life, until the year 1765, when I returned home, for the purpose of preparing to attend the nuptials of my last-mentioned companion. But here I was *arrested*.—I had now time for retirement, tho' at first retirement felt very unpleasant. Reflections, however, would obtrude; and I now perceiv'd, fully perceiv'd, my pass'd misguided conduct had been all vexation of spirit; and at length I came to this conclusion—*Surely there is a happiness to be enjoyed far superior to any I have lately pursued.* I even resolved once more to seek what I had formerly in some measure possess'd.—It was then represented, I must now totally forsake the fancied felicities I had been lately engaged in; and by divine assistance I actually determined. The intended preparation was entirely drop'd. My late acquaintance sent letter after letter, which were all

all unanſwered; and herein I committed no ſmall degree of violence to my own nature;—my mind became under much conflict and conſiderable ſuffering; and having now forſaken my worldly friendſhips, I really ſeem'd as if left in a deſart. At this important moment, the mercy of God brought to my relief a religious perſon, who furniſh'd me with William Law's *Spirit of Prayer, and Spirit of Love.*—This was a memorable inſtance of Providence. And here I muſt relate *a Dream*, that to ſome may appear whimſical, tho' to me a *Reality.*—It aroſe from the following circumſtance.—I had ſome years before been intimate at the houſe of a Phyſician, a ſerious man, long ſince deceaſed,* where I remembered ſeeing one piece of W. Law's latter Writings, and of hearing the Doctor remark, that '*Mr. Law* 'was once a burning and a ſhining light, but 'that he is now become a fallen ſtar.'—These words came freſh into my mind, together with a query, and much doubt, whether I might with ſafety read theſe books?—And it was truly an addition to my diſtreſs.—In this ſituation I dreamed one night, that the Doctor convers'd with me, and ſaid, '*I need not fear* '*to read theſe writings, for they contained the* '*truth; and that he himſelf now ſaw things very* '*differently.*'

Strange as it may appear, this dream conſoled my mind, diſſipated my fears, and bleſſed be God, I now with courage read; and theſe books were the

* Dr. Randolph, late of *Briſtol.*

the happy means of bringing my feet into that path from whence I had so deplorably departed; may it never be forgotten!

I beg leave to transcribe a passage from which I found a most singular blessing;—it was as follows:—

"All depends upon thy right submission "and obedience to this speaking of God in "thy soul. Stop therefore all self-activity, "listen not to the suggestions of thy own rea-"son, run not on in thy own will, but be "retired, silent, passive, and humbly atten-"tive to this new risen light within thee. "Open thy heart, thy eyes, and ears, to all "its impressions. Let it enlighten, teach, "frighten, torment, judge, and condemn thee, "as it pleases, turn not away from it, hear "all it says, seek for no relief out of it, con-"sult not with flesh and blood, but with a "heart full of faith and resignation to God, "pray only this prayer, that God's kingdom "may come, and his will be done in thy soul. "Stand faithfully in this state of preparation, "thus given up to the Spirit of God, and "then the work of thy repentance will be "wrought in God, and thou wilt soon find, "that he that is in thee, is much greater than "all that are against thee."—*Spirit of Prayer*, part the 1st, pa. 77.

These words made deep impression, and no words could have been more suitable to my situation.

Now permit me to obſerve, *dear Reader*, that if thou art tinctured with the ſame infatuating folly, that hath coſt me ſuch bitter remorſe, I truſt that what hath been related will have ſome effect on thy mind.—The expoſure of my own *backſliding*, and troubling thee with this long detail, being ſolely from a wiſh to appriſe my deluded fellow mortals, of a ſcourge they are providing for themſelves, when purſuing the ſame deluſive road—happy, happy thoſe that ſee it in time!—Remember, it is written, *the day of the* LORD (or the day of death) *will come as a thief in the night*. Attend, to the ſenſations of thy own breaſt, before it is too late! Doſt thou not feel at times, an UNEASINESS '*thou canſt not tell* WHAT *to* '*do with, or* HOW *to bear, riſing up,* WITHOUT '*thy conſent, caſting a* BLACKNESS *over all* '*thy thoughts, and then going off again, either* '*by the chearfulneſs of the* SUN, *or* AIR, *or* '*ſome,* AGREEABLE *accident; and again,* AT 'TIMES, *as ſuddenly returning?——Sufficient* '*indications are* THESE *to every man, that there* '*is a* DARK GUEST *within, concealed under the* 'COVER *of fleſh and blood, often* LULLED 'ASLEEP *by worldly* LIGHT *and* AMUSEMENTS, 'YET SUCH AS WILL, IN SPITE OF EVERY 'THING, *ſhew itſelf, which, if it has not its* 'PROPER RELIEF, *in this life,* MUST BE HIS 'TORMENT IN ETERNITY. *And it was for* '*the ſake of this* HIDDEN HELL *within us, that* '*our Bleſſed* LORD *ſaid when on earth, and ſays* '*now to every ſoul,* COME UNTO ME, ALL YE 'THAT LABOUR; AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, 'AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST. *If thou doſt*

'*aſk*

'ask WHERE, *and* HOW *is* CHRIST *to be found?*
'I answer, in thy heart, and by thy heart, and
'no where else, nor by any thing else.'

I now spent two years in retirement, passing through many a sore conflict, until at length my soul, thro' mercy, enjoy'd in some degree, that peace which the world could neither give, nor with all its conflicting trials, take away.—During this long interval, I had not so much as written to my dear *Friend Scudamore*, and indeed avoided all occasions that were likely to bring me in her way.—I wrote divers letters with a design of sending, but my heart always fail'd, and they were as often destroy'd. I felt a shame, and even a thought of her, brought conviction with it. Nevertheless, I afterwards heard, she used to tell her religious acquaintance, that she had a Friend, whom she tenderly loved, that had forsaken her, and was gone into the world, but she was assured in her own mind, she should have her again, and that with an increase of Grace.—This without doubt, was an answer to her prayers.—At the expiration of my two years retirement, a Friend of mine wanted to consult *Counsellor Scudamore* on an affair in the Law, and desired my company.—I could not refuse, tho' felt exceeding great reluctance; my ingratitude to his dear wife having justly caus'd me to expect severe reproaches; but how was I disappointed!—I was receiv'd with open arms, and with an affection not unlike the Prodigal return'd to his Father.——Such unexpected reception

quite overwhelm'd me.—We drank tea together; she invited me to another interview speedily, which was gladly complied with the next week following, and our friendship was happily renewed.—This was in March, 1767, after a separation of *seven years*; since which I have scarcely ever been in her company without edification or comfort. Various dispensations of Divine Providence have since then been my lot; and as the invisible leader of souls is marvellous in his conduct and procedure, so in particular it has been towards me; and under a deep conviction of its propriety, I was led to join a Christian Community, with which my Friend was not connected; yet this, and an alteration afterwards in my situation by marriage, did not lessen me in her esteem, nor she in mine. We became of one heart and of one mind; if possible, in an higher degree than ever before; and she was the happy instrument of strengthening and assisting me in the best of interests.—Difference in externals, occasion'd not the least degree of difference betwixt us, and why should it amongst any that are candidates for Heaven?—If the *heart* is in a state of renewal,—a measure of the divine life brought forth;—all of *every* outward form, *must* speak the same language, and finally shall arrive and meet at, and in the same eternal kingdom of glory.—Why then should any of them *fall out by the way?*

I cannot find any Letter from R. S. during the chasm in our friendship—the following was

was received after my return, and first interview—*without date of the year.*

'My dear *Miss Weston*'s kind Epistle, prov'd 'a most pleasing one to me—it not only con-'tain'd an account of spending her time much 'to her own satisfaction, but also of reaping 'spiritual advantage from it.—Be assured your 'happiness is very nearly connected with my 'own, desiring to join in rendering thanks for 'every thing that thro' divine favor, is a means 'of promoting it.—It is a pleasing reflexion, 'that we are soldiers, both engaged in the same 'spiritual warfare, and, I trust, are daily march-'ing towards victory and a crown, thro' him 'that hath loved us; and I hope one day to 'give all that praise which is due to so divine 'a Captain and Conqueror.—Of this hope, I 'have some small glimmering, which, (as the 'Apostle speaks) makes me in some measure, '*stedfast* in believing and in hoping, for that 'happiness and that glory, which lie within 'the veil, prepared for every faithful soldier 'in CHRIST JESUS. I make no doubt of this 'being my dear Friend's faith and hope also, 'in a much larger degree; earnestly desiring 'it may daily encrease

Your's, &c.

Maudlin-Lane, Sept. 27. R. S.

After my Marriage.

'I cannot help requesting my dear *Sally* '*Young*, to *spell* that heart language my pen 'follows,

' follows, when it declares a truth of the last ' importance; which is, that the only life we ' are allowed to live upon earth, is, the *life of* ' *Faith*, and that it grows *much better* under ' difficulties, than when the concerns of this ' world go on smoothly.—I know of no sweeter ' entertainment, that God can afford his poor ' children, than to *convince* them, that the *best* ' of this world, is an abundant too *poor* a diet ' for them to feed upon;—it is his method of ' causing them to have the greater relish for ' that marrow and fatness, which is alone to ' be derived from Christ, and which they ' are always to *live* upon, which is no less ' than on the Fountain itself.—What can come ' amiss to that soul, which Christ under- ' takes, by all things, and through all things, ' to bring to himself;—for this he died; and ' this is *the grand purpose of every trial.*—Upon ' this ground it is, *the Spirit saith, Rejoice* ' *when ye fall into divers temptations.—My dear,* ' let us choose the eternal God for our por- ' tion, then shall we have *enough.*—Our cup ' will be brim full.—Let us soar above, dis- ' regarding all *outward* comforts and conso- ' lations, which serve only to obstruct our ' communion with the Author of *true bless-* ' *sedness.*

I entreat my *dear Sally*, whenever she is favor'd to breathe fervently for spiritual blessings for herself, to remember her poor, weak, unworthy, loving, R. S.'

Wednesday—without date. After

After this long digreſſion, I muſt requeſt the Reader to recollect that in the year 1759, R. S. was left encountering and conquering. She would gladly then have given the right hand of fellowſhip to thoſe of the community with which ſhe had been long connected, but was not ſo happy to find any to whom it was agreeable. Her ſoul became greatly exerciſed, and truly hungered for the bread that alone ſatisfies;---ſhe wiſhed to adviſe with *a Goſpel* Miniſter, and to attend a Goſpel miniſtry:--- And here may be ſeen, and cannot be too much admired, the adorable Providence of God in her behalf.

Her heart now inclined, and even her Huſband granted her full permiſſion, to frequent the *Eſtabliſhed Church*, and to conſult and take counſel of the Miniſter of *St. Werburgh's in Briſtol*; who, being himſelf experienced in the divine life, did both by public and private inſtruction, inculcate and enforce the neceſſity of attending to, and ſeeking God her Saviour, *within her own heart*,---the very path in which ſhe had been hitherto led; and ſhe frequently experienced much conſolation and confirmation, from ſuch inſtructions and advice. At this place of worſhip ſhe conſtantly and ſtatedly attended during *the remainder of her life*, until confined by illneſs: But as ſhe had ſought, and ultimately attained the *quinteſſence* of true Religion; ſhe uſed the externals, as meerly leading to what was *internal*,—the thing ſignified,—fully convinced of our divine Redeemer's

deemer's asseveration, 3d John 3,—that *except a man be born again*, [or partake of an heavenly nature] *he cannot enter the kingdom of* GOD.——R. S. took the *shortest road*, never adopting any particular doctrine, opinion, or system, adhering simply to the direction of *holy writ*; at the same time sincerely and implicitly believing the words that occur in divers of the *Collects*, appointed in the *established Liturgy*, declaring the necessity of divine *continual inspiration*,—that *without* GOD, *we cannot think a good thought, or do any thing that is good.—Praying, that we may daily be renew'd by the Holy Spirit; that it may* IN ALL THINGS *direct; that we may obey his godly motions;—that he may be our Ruler and our Guide*; and R. S. firmly believed, that GOD *himself did actually teach the hearts of the faithful.*—— These, and expressions of the like import, in the daily public offices, she believed did strictly *mean* and *intend*, according to the very *Letter*. Indeed the Scripture had informed her that CHRIST must be *formed in the heart*, his Holy Spirit guide and govern it; and that all short of this, was only standing on the surface of Religion.

The books she read, were principally the *Bible*;—this she always esteem'd *the Book of Books*; and it was her daily companion.—She likewise held in great estimation, THOMAS A KEMPIS's *Imitation of Christ*, BROMLEY's *Sabbath of Rest*, and one or two others of the spiritual kind; but some few, that she had

seen

ſeen of the later Writings of the *illuminated* W. LAW, ſhe *peculiarly* eſteem'd and admir'd; many expreſſions and paſſages from whom, and ſome others, are introduced in this attempt to recount a very ſmall part of the wonders of grace, diſplayed in and towards my late deceaſed Friend; being unable to find words ſo ſuitable to the ſubject, and ſo ſtrongly expreſſive both of her and my own ſentiments.

That there is but one unerring path to Heaven,—that of attaining an *heavenly nature*, unincumbered with points of doctrine or ſyſtems of divinity, and that R. S. embraced this ſhort and narrow path, and experienced a deep proceſs of inward purification, will appear by the following Extracts, taken from ſome of her own Letters, written under different ſtates of mind, at different times, and addreſſed to ſeveral of her Chriſtian Friends, who eſteem the originals as *Sacred Remains*.

No. I.

29 *October* 1761.

'Oh my dear Friend! I am indeed in the 'deeps of affliction. My ſoul is exceeding 'ſorrowful. My GOD! I cry day and night 'unto thee!—I call to mind thy paſt mercies 'and deliverances, yet am not comforted. 'LORD hear my prayer that cometh not out 'of feigned lips;—ſubmit my will to thine, 'howſoever afflictive it be to fleſh and blood;

'and sanctify these great sufferings, that I may 'be brought nearer to thee my Saviour, my 'God, and my *all in all*.

R. S.

No. II.

30 *October*, 1761.

'I have indeed experienced, that of walking 'in darkness and seeing no light; and my 'sins like an host have encamped against me; 'and unbelief, like a mountain, hath obscured 'all my bright prospects. Oh, that I may 'come forth from this fiery furnace, as gold 'purified, bearing the image of the Son of 'Man: Surely he never forsook any that trusted 'in him, his mercy cannot forsake me, for 'he died for sinners.

'Oh pray for your afflicted Friend,

'R. S.'

No. III.

31 *October*, 1761.

'I feel a noble courage animate my soul, on 'reading of the army you spoke of,—even the 'great JEHOVAH JESUS; the holy Angels, the 'Church Triumphant above, and the Church 'Militant below, being all on my side; and 'I have experienced that JESUS, the Captain

'of

'of our salvation, thanks be to his tender 'mercies, hath supported, under all the trials 'he is pleased to exercise me with. I am sen-'sible, *resignation* is the duty called for at pre-'sent. Blessed JESUS grant me that Grace! 'May patience have its perfect work, and may 'thy will be done. Oh, that I could praise 'him for being pleased in the least degree to 'bend my unruly will. His Grace has indeed 'taught me not to entertain the least hard 'thoughts under this painful dispensation:— 'But my dear Friend, you are sensible, even 'Grace does not render us insensible to very 'great sufferings. Bless him, my dear Friend, 'that the Heavens wear a fairer aspect, that '*He* has calmed the tempest; and when my 'dear JESUS, the Sun of Righteousness, is 'pleased to shine forth, may my gladdened 'soul spring forth with joy inexpressible, to 'meet him whom my soul loveth!

'R. S.'

N. B. It is probable that part of this Letter glanced at *a trial began* in - 1761
encreased in 1763
completed in 1771

No. IV.

1 *November*, 1761.

'A thousand thanks for the Extract you 'kindly sent me. It was perfectly suitable to 'my case. Thanks be to GOD, it conveyed 'divine consolation. Oh, that I may be di-

'vinely taught, wholly to abandon *my whole* '*self*, to my Divine Redeemer, in the sense 'therein mentioned.

'R. S.'

No. V.

22 February, 1762.

'*Marsay's Spiritual Discourses*, you lent me, 'has very deservedly been termed an invalu- 'able treasure, for this book declares that hid- 'den mystery,—the deep things of God, which 'only the Holy Spirit can discover, for none 'knoweth the things of God, but the Spirit 'of God alone.—I assure you it hath proved 'a real blessing.

'R. S.'

No. VI.

24 March, 1762.

'Permit me to speak of the Grace which 'sweetly leads to the enjoyment of divine 'communion and intercourse with our God. 'Prayer brings us into the Presence Chamber. '—Oh, let us always live in this Chamber; 'and when business calls off our thoughts, 'let us silently steal a look. He will certainly 'meet us. Oh, the unspeakable satisfaction 'to find him near! How shall I find lan- 'guage to express his goodness; and how 'much your Jesus longs to bestow himself,

'with

'with his best of blessings upon you. O! do 'but *look* to him, whether cold or dead, only 'look to him, just as you are.—All your unfit-'ness should not in the least discourage; 'tis 'his glorious work to help, and he delights to 'do it.—Oh, that the prayers of one so un-'worthy as myself, might prevail for your 'receiving every needful blessing.—Remem-'ber, we rely upon an advocate, whose blood 'always pleads, and who has given us this 'sweet promise, that if *we ask we shall receive*.

'R. S.'

No. VII.

20 *June*, 1762.

'How shall such vile dust as I am, write on 'so sublime a subject;—the secret operation 'of the Holy Spirit in our souls, and of that 'inactive, *silent*, humble prostration of soul, 'that appears (if I may use the expression) as 'it were annihilated in its own eyes, in order 'perfectly to cease from all actings of its own, 'that God alone, may be its *Actor* and *Mover*? '—You must read my *heart* to know, what 'it means on this subject, my pen is unable 'to declare it.—There, O my dear Jesus! 'do thou by the *continual* operation of thy 'blessed Spirit, deepen these truths in my 'heart, and may they bring forth fruits of 'righteousness, that may *evidence* the *indwel-'ling* of the blessed Spirit, in me thy poor

'sinful

'sinful servant; and oh, that the time for his 'glorious appearance to take away all sin, was 'arrived! Dear SAVIOUR, hasten thy coming; 'or give greater patience to wait for thy 'coming.

'Oh, my Friend, we shou'd not live at so 'low a rate;—are not our souls, think you, 'like the dead bodies of the two Prophets, 'spoken of in the Revelations; that continued 'dead, until the Spirit of Life entered into 'them?—Then they lived indeed!—If JESUS 'doth but speak the word, the same Spirit of 'Life, shall shew forth the like divine wonder 'in our souls. Oh, let us be often looking 'to this blessed Author and Finisher of our 'Faith, at least let us be as those that are '*waiting* for their LORD. It is his sweet 'work to bless us with that Grace of humble, 'patient *waiting*; and who knows but he may 'surprise us, with his glorious appearance, 'when we least expect.—I am assured his com-'ing forth will be like a blessed Bridegroom 'indeed! Its glory is not to be described. 'Then will the everlasting doors be opened, 'and the King of Glory shall have an entrance, '—the everlasting gates will lift up their 'heads.—To your Watch Tower,—my dear 'Friend; to our Watch Tower,—methinks 'some sweet signs of his appearance are already 'to be seen.—May you soon arrive to the sum-'mit of your desires, by encreasing in all spi-'ritual knowledge and understanding.

'Sometimes

'Sometimes when the narrow path, in which 'I walk, is presented to my view, I can, I 'think, with the greatest propriety, and I hope 'with the humblest confidence, apply these 'words to myself;—

'Thou art my helper and my guide,
'I trust in him alone,
'No other helps have I beside,
'I venture all on one.

'R. S.'

No. VIII.

17 *July*, 1763.

'How happy are they, who, from being 'led and guided by the Spirit of Truth, are 'enabled to walk according to its unerring 'directions.—Have not such souls that *unction 'from above*, the Apostle declares, that teach-'eth all things, without the necessity of out-'ward teaching? Certainly they are those 'blessed, peculiarly blessed souls, in whom 'CHRIST JESUS, is a well of water, springing 'up into eternal life; and to whom he is a 'never ceasing spring of comfort and bles-'sedness.—Shall not we then, watch and pray, 'and strive to partake of such an inestimable 'privilege? And should we meet with ever so 'great difficulties, yet, should we not be dis-'couraged; for infinite wisdom sees it neces-'sary to purge and purify his children, by the 'sorest of trials, that their dross may be

'cleansed

'cleanſed and done away.—Theſe are com-
'fortable words—*our light afflictions, which*
'*are but for a moment, ſhall work for us, an*
'*exceeding and eternal weight of glory!*: Words
'ſufficient to animate, comfort, and ſtrengthen
'the weakeſt believer.—My God knows, his
'Grace teaches me to aſpire after no leſs than
'to be *led* and *guided by his bleſſed Spirit*.—I
'would (coſt whatever it might) that I was
'*moulded* into the *likeneſs* of my divine Re-
'deemer Jesus Christ.—It is my earneſt
'deſire, that ſuch a diſpoſition was fully wrote
'in me, ſo as to keep back nothing, that my
'God may require; and that all his diſpen-
'ſations, whether of proſperity or adverſity,
'may ſerve to anſwer that one grand purpoſe.
'This is alſo my earneſt deſire for one, who
'is very near and dear to me, my dear
'Mr. S.

'R. S.'

No. IX.

Deſcribing her Converſion.

20 *December*, 1763.

'I muſt in the words of St. Paul, begin with
'telling you, that my manner of life, at the
'firſt, was after the ſtrickeſt ſect of the Phari-
'ſees; but that at length, finding all my at-
'tempts fall ſhort of what the Goſpel required,
'I was almoſt driven to deſpair.—I had for
'ſome time, reſolved as much as poſſible to
'avoid

'avoid *occasions* of sin, had declined idle visits, 'which frequently were means of wounding 'my conscience, tho' I kept on sinning and 'repenting until about four years ago, the year '1759; when the LORD, in mercy, led me in a 'wonderful manner, to the knowledge of the 'Truth, as it is in JESUS.—The first remark-'able effect of his power, was when I was 'reading that part of Scripture, where our 'LORD *prays not for the world, but for his dis-'ciples only*. I wept bitterly at seeing, *as I 'thought*, myself entirely excluded from the 'benefit of CHRIST's prayer; for I believed, 'that if CHRIST had prayed for me, I should 'be saved. But I could not perceive from the 'prayer he made afterwards, for all that should 'believe in him, through his word, that I 'had the least reason for applying it to myself, 'or to receive consolation from it; thereupon 'I shut the Bible, concluding I was lost, and 'past recovery. Soon after this, it pleased 'GOD, to visit me with a long fit of illness, 'a circumstance before unknown, having all 'my life, till then, enjoyed an uninterrupted 'state of health. I soon discovered by the 'persons attending me, and by what I felt, 'that my life was in danger. I then took all 'opportunities of putting up *silent prayer*, fear-'ing to utter words, lest my tongue should 'not follow the desires of my heart; and by 'being much alone, and on bed, where I con-'cealed a few books, I took every opportunity 'of searching for the knowledge of the Truth, 'my *heart* incessantly crying, LORD *how shall*

 '*I find*

'*I find thee, whom I do earnestly seek?*—After 'continuing in this situation several weeks, 'with very little sleep, my fever running high; 'one night I dropt into sleep, and after awak-'ing, these words were strongly suggested to 'my mind—*I am the truth and the life*—they 'could not have been so forcible, had an Angel 'sounded them in my ears.—Hereby I was 'greatly comforted, and finding the words 'sink deeper and deeper into my mind, it 'caused me often to make my prayer to CHRIST, 'as the only way to *Truth* and *Life*; *soon after* '*which*, great appearances of recovery were 'observed, which, when the Doctor informed 'me, instead of rejoicing, I was like a person 'thunder-struck, tho' my GOD knows, I then 'enjoyed every blessing to make life desirable, 'united with a most tender husband, whose 'affection exceeded all I can describe.—But 'the words *a cumberer of the ground*, had for 'some time dwelt on my mind, which filled 'my heart with sorrow, lest I should be the 'unhappy person. It caus'd me to pour out 'floods of tears before GOD, in secret, be-'seeching he would not suffer me, so to re-'quite his abundant mercies, and I could 'scarcely support under it, for the sense of 'such infinite goodness was an intolerable 'weight.—Such was the distress, that it occa-'sion'd my attendants to observe an alteration 'for the worse, in my bodily disorder. At 'length it pleased GOD, that I recovered suf-'ficient to walk abroad, and also to direct me 'to open my mind to my bosom Friend, my

'dear

'dear Mrs. ——, and aſking, whether ſhe 'thought God would hear the prayer of ſo 'vile a ſinner, provided I continued praying? 'She anſwered, yes certainly, and opened to 'me many parts of Scripture, which were ſo 'bleſſed, that I was enabled to believe, there 'was ſuch an experience as the *pardoning love* '*of* Christ, applicable by faith to a ſin ſick 'ſoul. And being informed that ſhe herſelf 'had already happily experienced it, I returned 'home, earneſtly praying that God would not 'ſuffer me to be deceived, in ſeeking what 'was unattainable, nor to ſhut my eyes againſt 'the light of his Holy Spirit, the power of 'which divine light, I now daily experienced 'more and more convincing and even convert-'ing my ſoul. At length I ſaw clearly, by 'this light, there was a divine faith, which 'worketh by love, that would transform my 'ſoul into the image and likeneſs of God;— 'I alſo felt an encreaſing fervent deſire after it, 'and tho' my ſins, like a thick cloud, did 'often intercept the light, and Satan affright 'with terrors, tending to deſpair; yet did my 'adorable Jesus bid me keep on, and reach 'after the prize. I did then moſt ardently 'cry, *Save me, ſave me, oh* Jesus, *or I periſh.* 'On opening my Bible, his rich and free pro-'miſes were preſented to my view, and praiſed 'be his holy Name, I continued only *a few* '*months* * in this ſituation, before I *really* 'found him I ſo earneſtly ſought;—more 'properly *I was apprehended of him, whom I*

 'alſo

* This included the Journey to Weymouth, p. 8.

'*also apprehended.*—How shall I declare the 'wondrous love!—*Pardon*—*Peace*—and *a little Heaven*, were *felt* in my soul.—The Spirit of Truth, witnessed my sins were *pardoned.* 'Had Angels and men have united in denying 'it, I could not have then believed them, nor 'could it have brought me to discredit such an '*heart-felt* and *real Truth.* I now went on 'rejoicing, on wings of love, and found, nothing was too hard to be performed by him 'that *loveth.* I could no longer wonder, that 'the Martyrs so patiently endured the flames. 'I could talk of, or at least relish nought, but 'things divine.—But remark! I knew *not myself* 'as yet, nor until some time *after*, when it 'pleased God to break up the *fountains of the* '*great deep*, in my soul, and shewed me Satan, 'the strong man armed, in possession of that 'kingdom which was no longer to continue 'under his dominion. Happy for me this 'discovery was not made all at once, for who 'could have abided such a sight and live?— 'I had not been more than a fortnight in possession of these delightful sensations, before 'I felt the withdrawings of the Holy Spirit, 'occasion'd by a lightness of spirit I then 'fell into. My distress at this, was now so 'great as to be observed by my countenance. 'I poured out my soul before my much injured 'LORD; my light being turned into darkness; 'and day and night with incessant tears, did I 'cry after an absent GOD. Oh, how bitterly 'did I bewail my ingratitude, beseeching my 'LORD to restore to me the light of his coun-

'tenance.

'tenance. Now I was shewn the hidden 'mystery of iniquity, that lay deeply hid at 'the bottom of my heart; and the greatest of 'all sins (my master-sin) was my want of love, 'to that CHRIST who had already done so 'much for me, and I could so basely prefer 'trifles to a sense of his love. This horrible 'sight pierced my soul through and through; 'I saw that if I was not sanctified, and made 'like unto CHRIST in the holiness of his 'nature, pardon, and all things beside, would 'serve only to encrease my misery. I fre-'quently would say, in an agony of soul, Why, 'my JESUS *pardon*, if I am suffer'd to carry 'about me so many scorpions and soul tor-'mentors, now felt within me? Here, I said, 'is the spear, the nails, and the crown of 'thorns, that pierced and wounded my Sa-'viour. I looked on myself as a person car-'rying cruel instruments for murdering his 'dearest Friend. No kind of death, would to 'me have been grievous, could I by such means 'have got rid of a burthen so intolerable to 'bear.—Night, and the shades of darkness, 'were sought, for pouring out my tears and 'grief before GOD. At night the morning 'was wished for, and in the morning the night 'was desired. I was truly like Noah's dove, 'that had not where to rest its foot. No ac-'count I had read came so near my case, as 'that of Judas. I even *named myself Judas*: '*None do know what such sorrows mean, but* '*those that have felt them.* In these the soul, 'best apprehends, the sufferings our dearest

'LORD

'LORD sustained, when he said, *My God, my 'God, why hast thou forsaken me?* And by such 'sufferings a soul is indeed taught the preci-'ousness of a Saviour.—At intervals, I had 'even then, some consolations, some *gleams* of 'those ineffable delights, Saints and Angels 'enjoy, but sore conflicts and agonies of soul 'would return.—One day, my body being 'faint and almost expiring before the throne 'of mercy, my mind in an agony, under the 'greatest conflict and temptation, with which 'it had ever been exercised; it was sweetly 'impressed, and afforded some degree of rest 'to my soul, that I was now honoured with 'tasting that bitter cup of which CHRIST, 'my dearest LORD, had drank the very dregs. 'Is it so, my dearest LORD, answered my soul, 'then let me bow before thee, in humble ac-'knowledgment of so great a favor. I was then 'caused to perceive, that every soul was not per-'mitted the like favor; and that a distinction 'is made betwixt CHRIST's *Disciples* and *Ser-'vants*; and that those that were admitted to 'the *closest union*, and to sit with him at his 'table, shall be made the *most conformable to 'his death*, by drinking of the cup he drank, 'and being baptized with the baptism he was 'baptized with.—The following day, being '*Sabbath*, at church, my sorrows were en-'creased to such a degree, it was observable 'by any one that saw me. But during divine 'service I *discerned him* whom my soul loved, 'pass by me, tho' having only a slight view, 'I could not rest satisfied without further dis-

'coveries.

'coveries.—After Sermon, the Clerk gave out 'to be ſung, part of the Lamentation of a 'Sinner; I liſtened with the utmoſt attention, 'and the words penetrated my ſoul.—My ſoul 'was fled indeed, and the eye of faith ſo ſtea-'dily looking at thoſe things *within the veil*, 'that for the time, I had no attention to, or 'view of, any thing beſides: And that day's 'experience has been ever ſince a ſupport, in 'every ſeaſon of diſtreſs and temptation. The 'lines that were peculiarly bleſſed to my ſoul, 'are theſe——

"Whoſe bloody wounds at once I ſee,
"Tho' not with mortal eye;
"And as thy Saints behold them, LORD,
"So I truſt, ſhall I.
"Tho' ſin doth hinder me awhile,
"When He doth ſee it good,
"I ſhall behold the face of him,
"That ſhed for me his blood."

'Now did all that was within me unite in 'praiſing and magnifying my Saviour. Now 'I could have publiſhed it to all the world, 'that my beloved was mine, and I was his; 'and now like the rich Merchant, did I re-'joice, in having again in *poſſeſſion*, the ineſti-'mable pearl of great price. I found *I had 'all my heart's deſire*. I held him faſt, and 'would not let him go. I entreated him to 'inſtruct me *how* to keep and hold him faſt, 'that I might never, never grieve or diſpleaſe 'him more. And I was and am now, ſo en-

'courged

'couraged by his promiſes of upholding me, 'by the power of his Grace, that I was and 'am animated, and could not nor can any more 'doubt of his faithfulneſs, than I can of his 'love, which, for ever be adored his name, 'I cannot poſſibly do, whilſt daily experienc-'ing ſuch an uninterrupted flow of his good-'neſs.—Oh, my *dear Friend*, it is *all love*, 'nothing but divine love, making me from 'the ground of my heart to ſay, who would 'not praiſe thee, thou Prince of Peace, who 'would not,—who can avoid loving, adoring, 'and admiring thee!—none that do but *know* '*thee*, thou King of Saints, thou bleſſed ſource 'of happineſs, *my God, my all.*—I could for 'ever dwell on theſe words.—Heaven is con-'tained in *my God, my all.* It is what both 'Saints and Angels enjoy, and this muſt be 'their never-ceaſing language, *thou art my God,* '*thou art my all.*

'Thus, my dear Chriſtian Friend, you have, 'praiſed be its divine Author, an imperfect 'account of a *true Converſion*; and would you 'be informed of the worth of this ſaving faith 'in my ſoul, the *Bible* can much better give 'it than my pen. There you may read a mul-'titude of divine promiſes, *made mine, by the* '*application of the Holy Spirit*; and this gives 'me an humble boldneſs, mixed with ſacred 'delight, in entering the preſence chamber, '(the temple of my own heart) where I al-'ways find a gracious audience. There, I am 'ſometimes permitted the honour of ſeeing my

'divine

'divine Saviour in *his dyed garments*, ſome-
'times in his *prieſtly*, and ſometimes in his
'*prophetic* office, to teach and guide, and at
'other times as my *King*, to rule and govern.
'I have none to aſk counſel of, *with certainty*,
'but him; none to teach and guide, but him;
'and having now experienced the bleſſedneſs
'of being under the direction of ſo *infallible a*
'*Guide*, I would not change my happy choice
'for millions of worlds.—The ſenſe of ſuch
'experience often makes me, almoſt in a *tranſ-*
'*port* of love and gratitude, cry out, *Oh* God,
'*thou art my* God; at the ſame time I take
'pleaſure in aſſuring you, that of all God's
'creatures, I am certainly the moſt unworthy
'of ſuch divine favors, or of ſo much as ſtiling
'myſelf

'Your faithful and affectionate friend,

'R. S.'

'P. S.—When you find an inclination for
'poetry, read the following:—

'Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
'Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
'They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
'Tho' tranſports are denied.'

No. X.

29 *June*, 1764.

'I humbly hope you will be comforted on 'hearing of the faith, by which it pleaſeth 'God, in mercy, to ſupport me. He know-'eth how to make rivers flow in the deſert, 'for refreſhing the dry ground. Now, what 'ſaith the *inward Speaker*, what does this di-'vine and *ſecret ſtill voice* ſay?—*This is the 'way, walk in it.*—Aye, with a powerful voice 'too, does he ſpeak it.—My dearest LORD, 'whatever be thy commands, let me obey, 'without reluctance; tho' the fleſh be unwil-'ling, and too, too often ſhrinks, yet let this 'ſpirit of mine be ſweetly led, influenced by, 'and made willing to follow thee, oh thou 'Lamb of GOD, wherefoever thou leadeſt. 'Behold my ſighs and my tears, often poured 'forth in great abundance before thee, for they 'and their frequency, can witneſs, that they 'have been often ſhed under the deepeſt ſorrow 'and compunction of ſoul, that after all the in-'finite pains thou haſt taken, I am yet at ſuch 'a diſtance from thee! *Dear* LORD, pity a 'child of thine, whom thy love teacheth to 'call herſelf thine; pity, adorable JESUS, pity 'my ſorrows, and take me in an eſpecial man-'ner under the ſweet *guidance of thy Holy Spi-'rit*. Let me be fed and nouriſhed by thee 'alone, for I daily feel, that thou (by a hand 'moſt *graciouſly ſevere*) art loofing me from all 'creature *good*, that my heart might daily take

'its

'its flight to Heaven, and fix, solely fix on 'thee, the alone center of true happiness. 'For thou art the rest of every believing soul, 'whom to love is in some sort to enjoy, and 'to long and pant after, is to be made more 'and more capable of, more and greater *com-* '*munications* from thee. Oh my GOD! if I 'do not love thee, what means this earnest 'desire?—Therefore, O LORD, accept my 'thank-offering, and still *operate* by thy love, '*in my soul*, until it is filled with all thy 'fulness.

'R. S.'

No. XI.

In Answer to a Question.

14 *February*, 1768.

'I do not feel the least inclination to change, 'for any other, my outward form of worship 'in the *Church of England*, having already in '*possession*, a degree of that *good*, which of it-'self is able to satisfy all the large desires of 'my soul, consequently of affording *entire hap-* '*piness*.—What need then of further search 'after it, since the *source* whence 'tis derived, 'is *every where present—in him I live, and* '*move, and have my being*: And respecting the 'state of my own mind, it is no longer *Lo* '*here, or lo there is* CHRIST; and in my ap-'prehension his manifestation, or appearance 'and presence in and to the soul, is not con-

'fined to the closet, or even excluded from the 'desart: In short, every truly *desirous, hungry* '*soul, is certain* to meet with our adorable JESUS '*every where*, and under whatever outward 'form of worship it is secretly led to seek this 'infinite, all-satisfying good;—I mean, to be 'made *partaker* of his divine nature; and be 'assured, he is no respecter of persons,—*they* '*that seek shall find*. This being the dictates 'and sentiments of my heart, kind Friend! 'I can truly say, my love and charity to all 'and every of the children of my dear heavenly 'Father, (that is all mankind) is really and 'truly *unlimitted*; and since I have *indeed*, my-'self, *felt* and *tasted*, how very gracious the 'LORD is, and in *what* the true *spiritual wor-'ship* doth consist; so far is this from leading 'me to alter and change, or to seek new paths 'for my feet, that it rather occasions an holy 'jealousy over myself, (not being ignorant of 'Satan's devices) lest any thing from within 'or from without, should rob me of the *glo-'rious liberty*, to be enjoyed in the Gospel of 'JESUS CHRIST. And believe me, my faith-'ful Friend, there is so much of *reality* in 'what I have now written, that I would not 'be deprived of its *continual possession* for all 'the riches in the universe, nor of the thank-'fulness I now feel in the mentioning it;—'hoping, aye believing, enough hath been 'said fully to satisfy you concerning this 'matter.

I am, &c.

'R. S.'

In

In the year 1771, R. S. experienced a trial, the most severe and the most *memorable* of any during her pilgrimage; this may properly be termed *the latter part of her life*, tho' nearly 19 years previous to her death: She was then, to the astonishment of all her friends, dismiss'd from her Husband, with an allowance of *Sixty Pounds a year*;—the time when, is given me by a friend in these words,—"*it was on Sunday evening the 16th day of June*, 1771." Never was any crime alledg'd against her, but that of obeying the *precepts of the Gospel*, and giving herself up to be led and guided by *the Spirit of* CHRIST,—charg'd with no irregularity as to her connections and conduct even in this respect; for she never joined any religious community, after a full approbation from her Husband for uniting with the Establishment, —With no neglect of her family concerns, for they were always conducted with the greatest œconomy; she did not even accustom herself to introduce the subject of religion, knowing it to be disagreeable; and such was her discretion, that during our intimacy and frequent intercourse, she was silent respecting any domestic trouble or uneasiness, tho' from observation and an impression on my own mind, I could not avoid suspecting she had been for *several years* under some kind of pressure and singular *weighty affliction*, tho' no explanation of it, until the very day of seperation, and after it had taken place; and even then every precaution were taken on her part, for concealing the least blemish in him, with whom she

ſhe had lived nineteen years, a moſt faithful, tender, and obedient wife, never offending, except only in the article of *Religion*; and during nineteen years, (or nearly) ſhe afterwards liv'd ſeperate. She was never heard to name her Huſband, but in terms of the utmoſt affection and regard, nor would even bear to hear him mentioned with diſreſpect, by any other perſon. Should the reader enquire,—was this breach occaſion'd *only* by her ſerving the God, *whom Daniel worſhip'd?*—Did no *creature love ſteal between, and alienate* her Huſband's affections?—Let ſuch enquirer ſuffer a veil to be drawn, deplore the depravity of human nature, and hear the language of this ſervant of the Moſt High, upon tenderly touching the ſubject, when writing a very few weeks after her ſeperation;—*I have conſecrated*, ſaid ſhe, *the whole to ſilence; my main, my principal deſire is, my Huſband's happineſs; for divine Grace hath kept my mind from feeling any unbecoming reſentment: And as to Miſs* ——. *ſo far from any emotions of reſentment towards her, my heart doth yearn for her higheſt good; it is enough that my record is on high; my conſolation and my joy is, to be ſeen and approv'd of* God. *I experienced his preſence going with me; and when I was leaving every thing that was dear here below, I felt, I taſted, I was following thee, oh my Saviour! and thy ſmall ſtill voice, at the very ſame inſtant, ſaid, it is great glory to follow* God; *and to receive from him is long life.* THIS WAS NO DELUSION: *It was too powerfully manifeſted to my heart, to admit of a*

ſingle

single doubt.—She added,—I am nevertheless not without feeling my situation, to be that of a desolate widow, under affliction.

Any further particulars, might tend merely for indulging *curiosity*, and be of no real use to the reader.—The *Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed*: Therefore I proceed to observe, I was no less surprised than affected, at the unexpected situation of so worthy a woman; and for whom I felt the tenderest regard. My heart yearn'd over her, I made her an offer, and on the evening of seperation she commenced a boarder in my house, tho' with much regret compell'd to part with her in 12 months afterwards, my family being encreased, and having only a small habitation.—She was now become acquainted with divers religious persons, freely conversing with such of every denomination; and those who knew *the life of God in the soul*, felt an union with her spirit, to whom she often administered consolation and instruction; —but it is to be remark'd, the ground and foundation of all her friendships, was the *disinterested* love of God.—She was singular for *sympathy* in distress, and whosoever might have been the object, she was assiduously attentive whilst the distress continued; but upon affording every assistance in her power, and it was either remov'd or reliev'd, *her business was done*;—all further correspondence ceas'd;—an evident proof of desiring to do good for the sake of *good alone*.—To the poor she was a constant

constant Friend, both spiritual and temporal. —She visited the *Prison*, and frequently those under sentence of death, and to such she felt a sympathetic anxiety for their eternal safety; and hath been known to spend great part of several nights with them, in company with other persons of piety.

She regularly attended *St. Peter's Hospital*, one day in every week, where the children had her particular attention. They feared and loved her.—The sick, both here and elsewhere she also visited; and attended in their last moments, blessed with the comfort of seeing such labors of love crowned with success, by the peaceful departure of many.—Her income being narrow, and her desire of doing good, extensive, she prevailed on her particular friends to procure and furnish her with *plain-work*; and being a neat and quick work-woman, wrought much in this way, during several years, and so long as her strength and health would permit; whereby she was enabled to relieve the wants of many. But this employment, as well as her good deeds, were all effected with *secrecy*.

Divers religious persons of different persuasions, made proposals, and would gladly have taken her into their houses, without gratuity; but her inward director led her in the path of continual sacrifice, prayer, and watchfulness; and she always with meekness and much of sweetness in her manner, declined such proposals.

posals.—But so apt was censure and mis-judging to arise, in breasts that knew not the motives and secret springs of her actions, that even some *professors* were weak enough to imagine, she made crosses for herself.—It is well if such were acquainted with that hidden life, of which she so largely partook, even that life which is *hid with Christ in God*; and which was more than a compensation to her, for all earthly comforts; deeming it a particular *privilege*, on all occasions, to rely upon God her Redeemer, and by his support, take up her daily cross, and simply follow him.

When visited by her Friends, she was always found cheerful, without complaints, full of love, peace, and joy; and her constant advice was, to look unto Jesus as an *ever-present* and *inward Saviour*; not expecting to find him in any *outward* form or mode whatever, but only and solely *within their own hearts*, the Temple wherein he delighteth to dwell; and that this was the place where he would direct, guide, and instruct them.—Her heart frequently overflowed with the love of God, at which seasons, she would speak with amazing fluency, and with such divine power accompanying it, as to carry conviction, and blessed be God, was the means of real conversion to many.

When call'd upon to vindicate the cause of him whom she loved, it was with astonishing power; and was any thing said, that tended to rob God of his glory, she was always

 favor'd

favor'd with matter and expreſſion, that her adverſaries were unable to gainſay.—Her aim and drift was ever to ſet forth *the all of God*, and nothingneſs of the creature; not from ſpeculative, head knowledge, but from a *birth of the divine life in her own ſoul.* And to thoſe that were under difficulties, ſhe would ſay, *ſit like Mary, at the feet of Jeſus*, but look for him *within, and he will guide and deliver out of every ſin and difficulty.* Many, very many, can teſtify of the ſpiritual benefit received under ſuch advice.

From the time of her ſeperation, ſhe very ſeldom viſited any of her Friends, meerly for *the ſake of viſiting*; and at length wholly declined ſuch kind of viſits; bearing, without any human alleviation, all the inconveniences attending her ſituation.—Once at a Friend's houſe, ſhe took up a Bible,—and after her departure, was obſerved, a pin left ſtuck againſt 1 Tim. v. 5,—*Now ſhe that is a widow indeed, and deſolate*, TRUSTETH IN GOD, &c. without doubt intimating, that theſe words were applicable to herſelf.

After the firſt 12 months, there appeared to be the ſecret hand of Providence in her being obliged to remove from and to *a variety* of lodgings, until the laſt 6 or 7 years of her life; giving an opportunity of converſing with perſons of various diſpoſitions and tempers, and no doubt with gracious deſigns towards them; but notwithſtanding the ſweetneſs of her natural

tural diſpoſition, attempered with grace, rendering her life and converſation truly *angelic*, the enmity of fallen nature was ſo extremely ſtubborn in ſome perſons where ſhe reſided, that with all her labour and prayers, ſhe never could gain them; there were ſome that even traduced her character—and did not her Divine Maſter experience the ſame?—But, bleſſed be God, there were others where her lot had fallen, obſerving her chaſte converſation coupled with fear, that became real converts to Jesus Christ, and to whom her name remains precious.

Her laſt remove was to an apartment in a ſmall tenement in *Horſield-lane*, leading to *Kingsdown*; this, ſhe often ſaid, was a place prepared for her by her heavenly Father; call'd it her *Bethel, the Houſe of God, her gate to Heaven*; here ſhe reſided upwards of 6 years, and from thence departed to *eternal reſt*.—It was to this habitation I often repaired, when under ſome peculiar afflicting diſpenſations, where her ſympathiſing boſom was like an aſſylum. Here I experienced many conſolations and divine refreſhments, even ſuch as enabled me to go on my way rejoicing. Oh that every ſoul would taſte and ſee for himſelf how good is the Lord.—*Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive, the good things that God hath in ſtore for them that love him.*

It now may be ſaid, without offending my dear Friend R. S. that I never convers'd with a mind ſo *purified*; her ſpirit ſeem'd to be all *light* and *love*; it truly ſeem'd like *Heaven open'd on earth*; and tho' ſhe herſelf was under great bodily ſuffering, yet was cheerful, deeming it the appointed means for taking her home. During the laſt 4 years and 3 months, ſhe was entirely confined to the houſe; but whenever I ſaw her, her mind was preſerv'd in an heavenly frame. Very few days paſs'd without my ſending to, or hearing from her. But when her malady had encreaſed to a high degree, and 'twas difficult for her to *ſpeak louder than a whiſper*, ſhe found it needful to exclude her religious friends, at leaſt by ſeeing them very ſeldom; and at length, with her uſual gentleneſs, ſhe entreated them *wholly* to forbear any further viſits; which accounts for my not ſeeing her upwards of 2 years previous to her laſt illneſs.—This occaſion'd ſome perſons (without due reflexion) entertaining hard thoughts reſpecting her conduct in this particular:—But it may with truth be ſaid, (had it not been the caſe long before) that during ſome few of the *laſt* years of her pilgrimage, ſhe was *wholly* and *ſolely* given up to the *operation*, *aſſiſtance* and *guidance* of her inviſible divine Redeemer, having not a wiſh (reſpecting ſpirituals) for help or comfort from any *external* means whatever;—ſilence, and inward communion with her *ever-preſent Friend*, being her ſole delight and comfort: For ſhe had a *hope, as an anchor of the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt*,

ſtedfaſt, that entereth within the veil, whither her fore-runner, even Jeſus, is entered; and with whom ſhe is now *eternally bleſſed.*

The following are Extracts from ſome few Letters, with which her Chriſtian Friends were favored after her ſeperation.

The *Seal* to her letters impreſs'd with a DOVE; the *Motto,* LOVE and PEACE.

No. I.

*Without date.**

'Poor R. S. *a priſoner in bonds*, for the truth 'ſake, ſaluteth *her own child* in the ſame 'common faith, of our dear LORD JESUS; 'wiſhing grace, mercy, and peace, may be 'multiplied in the hearts of my two dear 'Chriſtian Friends; that their hearts being 'knit together in love, with mine, we may 'each abound more and more, in every grace; 'to the praiſe and glory of him, who hath 'called us to glory and virtue.

'Dear Siſters, loving Diſciples, fellow Sol-'diers, and dear Companions in the kingdom 'of Patience and Tribulation of our dear LORD 'JESUS; my earneſt deſire for us all, is, that 'whether I am favor'd with ſeeing you ſo fre-'quently as I could wiſh, or otherwiſe, each 'of

* This Letter was directed to one, but meant and intended for two Perſons; and was probably written *before* the ſeperation.

'of us may have abundant cause for rejoicing; 'that in simplicity and godly sincerity, we 'have our conversation in this present world; '*remembering*, that it is the very *ground* and '*crown* of all our rejoicing in CHRIST JESUS, 'that as *he was, so must we be*, in this our state 'of trial and probation; and if there be any 'other blessing, greater than this, be assured 'it is my desire, that it may also be given to 'each of us.—I have but express'd only a lit-'tle of that love, which wanteth some way or 'other to convey itself into your hearts.—I 'bid farewell, until we fare best of all for ever. '—Believe me your loving

'R. S.'

No. II.

Horse-Street, 6 *Aug.* 1771.

'—GOD is *love*, my *dear Friend*, and how 'much my heart feels of this divine affection, 'to you, he can tell, to whom I would in all 'things, be *resigned*.—Don't think, my *dear 'Friend*, because you are absent, I am the 'less present with you;—no; I am, notwith-'standing, most intimately present with you. 'I joy and rejoice, *internally* beholding your 'chaste conversation, coupled with fear; and 'my prayer to the GOD of my life is, that he 'may continue to bless you with all spiritual 'blessings, in heavenly things, in CHRIST 'JESUS.—As to my own health, thro' infinite 'favor, I have reason to hope it mends. But

'howsoever

'howſoever that be, *I know*, that I enjoy a 'ſweet ſatisfaction *in believing*; my health is 'ſuch as infinite wiſdom ſees beſt; therefore 'all is well indeed.

'I muſt tell you ſome of the pleaſure I poſ-'ſeſs under the roof of my preſent habitation; 'together with ſome of the refreſhings, experi-'enced from a ſweet expreſſive ſcripture ſen-'tence, which meets my daily path—

'R. S.'

The *remainder obliterated.*

No. III.

Without date.

'My ſincere deſires are for the advancement 'of my *dear Friend* in every chriſtian grace 'and virtue, that with unremitted ardor ſhe may 'purſue the path that leads to glory and im-'mortality; that nothing earthly, and unwor-'thy of an immortal mind, may prove an hin-'drance; but that conſtantly eying him, who 'is *inviſible*, ſhe may ſo paſs through things 'temporal, as not to loſe thoſe eternal:— 'Theſe are likewiſe the earneſt breathings of 'my ſoul, not only for my *dear Friend*, but 'for myſelf, and for the whole Iſrael of God. 'Methinks, words are ſwallow'd up, when 'we attempt to ſpeak of the things of the *Spirit*, 'which the mind, at ſeaſons, through infinite

'mercy,

'mercy, discerneth, when *revealed* by the self-
'same Spirit, even the deep things of God;
'and even to make them *known* to such babes
'as we are.—Oh my *dear Friend*, let us lay
'ourselves exceeding low, at the feet of our
'divine Immanuel, who is *indeed* God, *mani-*
'*fested in our flesh*; and who will teach us all
'things pertaining to life and godliness.—He
'is *our way*—*our truth*—and *our life*; and if
'we commit our souls to his divine keeping,
'he will both *nurture* and *teach*.—He is a
'*Shepherd*; and we shall be able to say, did
'ever any *speak like him*.—Oh, may we ever
'listen to his voice, and *follow* this *true light*
'*of the world*, whither soever he leadeth.—
'This proceeds from love unfeigned to my
'*dear Friend*, and am, &c.

'R. S.'

No. IV.

Without date.

'For the comfortless sake of the needy, I
'will arise, saith the Lord, that the man of
'the earth may no more oppress—these words
'were applied as soon as I had read the plain-
'tive note of our much exercised Friend; for
'whom I breathe to Heaven, that he may be
'kept as the *passive clay* in the hand of the
'divine Potter, who will in due season, *if we*
'*endure as seeing him that is invisible*, make us
'vessels of sanctification, fitted by such painful
'*refinings*, for the Master's use.—How strong
'this

'this desire is, both for myself and our Friend, 'is more than words can express—Suffice to 'say, that I believe by *one moment* under suf-'fering, endured with *silent submission* to the 'divine will, we are more benefited, than by 'a thousand efforts of our own: I assure you 'this is spoken from deep *heart-felt* experi-'ence.—Tell our Friend not to be *discourag'd*, 'if under such *submission*, not the least *comfort* 'is felt; for I apprehend, that the more we 'are deprived of all *sensible* evidence, the more 'perfect is that *Faith*, which relies upon him 'that is invisible. I am with sincere sym-'pathy

'An unworthy disciple of JESUS CHRIST,

'R. S.'

No. V.

Without date.

'I wish my dear Mrs. —— to acquaint our 'Friend, that I am persuaded, it is no less 'than a divine *operation* on his heart, whereby 'he is so deeply convinced of his fallen state; 'I rejoice with Angels and glorified Spirits, 'and congratulate him whom the LORD doth 'and will bless, by enriching him with the 'graces of his Holy Spirit—I have but one 'solicitude concerning him, and that is, that 'he may truly *submit* to that divine precept we 'find on record—*Be still and know that I am*

'God. It is of the utmost consequence, that 'we *silently attend* to the secret whispers of 'that voice which speaks *in the deep of our 'hearts*, and when attended to (in due time) 'speaks ineffable *peace*—It puts to silence all 'other voices, howsoever pleasing they may 'appear to our corrupted nature. I entreat 'and beseech, that he would fear nothing so 'much as the *not listening to this heavenly voice*: 'Indeed it is and will be *a lamp to our path 'and a light to our feet*; take the unworthy 'testimony of one who hath *proved* the truth 'of what she affirms, and is ready to attest it '(by divine help) before Men and Angels; 'therefore let me as one that hath found 'mercy, entreat that he will hearken to, and 'follow *no other*, than that voice; I mean, 'the voice of him who speaketh *from Heaven*, 'who is, and whoever must be, *the leader and 'guide of souls*.

'R. S.'

No. VI.

Without date.

'My dear Mrs. —— can you tell, or can 'our Friend give the information, why this 'divine sentence is often applied to my mind? '*This cup is the New Testament in my blood, as 'oft as ye drink it, do this in remembrance of me.* '—Are you, my Friends, in that highly fa-'vor'd situation, partaking of this cup of bles-'sing, in fellowship with him who is our liv-

'ing

'ing head, and with me your unworthy com-
'panion? If so, then permit me to address you
'in the sweet language that divine love silently
'speaks in my heart;—drink, oh beloved, yea
'drink abundantly of this cup, our dear hea-
'venly Father hath so richly filled with his
'goodness and love.

'R. S.'

No. VII.

Without date.

'I have now to acquaint my *dear Friend*,
'that I am much mended.—I think my com-
'plaint seems to be extreme weakness.—How-
'ever, I trust it all helps, through divine
'grace, to bring forth *resignation* and *patience*;
'I would by any means, be a proficient there-
'in.—My pleasing solitude (intending to keep
'my room this day) affords an opportunity of
'conversing in *silence*, with you my beloved
'absent Friend, whose undeserving notice of
'me, calls for every sentiment of gratitude,
'to the blessed Author of every good gift.—It
'raises in my breast most ardent desires, that
'the Father of all mercies, will be pleased to
'bless abundantly the kind Friends (you and
'your Husband) under whose roof I have re-
'ceived so many marks of christian kindness,
'the remembrance whereof, I trust, will never
'be effaced from the mind of

'R. S.'

No. VIII.

On visiting a poor woman at St. Peter's Hospital.

Without date.

'Oh, my *dear Friend*, who can describe 'what my feelings were, when I looked on 'the poor woman last night at the *Hospital*? '—She said with tears, *she could not pray*.— 'Now did I wish for my *dear Friend* to have 'been a witness to what then passed; and how 'has my mind, since been favor'd to feel the 'most ardent desires, that it might prove the 'day, in which divine grace and love may 'effectually reach the mind of this poor 'stranger.—Perhaps, my *dear Friend*, on this 'intimation, may find such drawings towards 'this poor woman, as to encline to see her 'soon, and thereby find the application of 'these words—"Verily in as much as ye did "it to one of the least of these my brethren, "ye did it unto me."

'R. S.'

N. B. A work of *real* conversion afterwards appeared; and this poor woman *died happy*.

No. IX.

On finding another habitation.

Without date.

'It would be ingratitude not to acquaint 'my *dear Friend*, that before I could reach 'the

'the place of my present peaceful abode, the 'hand of my compassionate heavenly Father 'led me to the *very door*, where it is his will 'now to place me.—Here I found every thing 'concur to testify, its not only being per-'fectly pleasing to my dear heavenly Father, 'but also perfectly agreeable to every wish of 'my heart; in respect of its suitableness to my 'present humiliating situation.—Thus was I 'sent home, with joy and thanksgiving, ac-'companied with peace and inward tranquility, 'together with a secret whisper, *make it sure 'as soon as you can*:—This I did immediately,

'R. S.'

No. X.

Without date.

'Were I silent, the very stones might con-'vey my ingratitude.—I no sooner gave B. 'your present, than the blessed Spirit, like a 'Dove, seemed to cover her mind;—we both 'remained some time silent; then taking my 'leave, I receiv'd, a few hours after, from her, 'a sweet little book, which (as she cannot 'write) was sent to tell me, by marking seve-'ral parts in it, by sticking of pins, of the 'state of her mind; of which I was as certain 'as if I had seen her thoughts.—How did I 'weep and praise my heavenly Father, for the 'wonders he doth for the children of men; 'and turning towards you, my *dear Friend*

'(tho'

'(tho' absent in body) these words came with 'such power into my mind, that language 'cannot express—" Ride on,—good luck have "thou with thine honour, because of meek-"ness, truth, and righteousness:—Thy right "hand shall teach thee terrible things."

'I can only add, I am, &c.

'R. S.'

No. XI.

Without date.

'Notwithstanding all the difficulties at-'tending,—how sweet, my *dear Friend*, is 'the path of duty; and how true is it, that as 'afflictions do abound, so do consolations in 'CHRIST JESUS.—It is no longer held at a 'distance, but it is *tasted* and *felt*.—This was 'really experienced at my dear afflicted Friend's 'house, that I visited this day, whose eyes were 'full of tears, and her heart with real grati-'tude.—Now, my *dear Friend*, let us gird up 'the loins of our mind, and proceed strait on, 'in the path that leads to victory, liberty, and 'a crown; remembering both the Author and 'Finisher of our Faith; to whose care and 'divine protection I commit my most dear 'Friend H. together with you, my own dear 'child S. Y. *dear* in the best of bonds.

'R. S.'

No.

No. XII.

October 6, 1786.

'The consolation my mind received in reading *Madam Guion's Short and Easy Method of Prayer*, is too sacred to be put in words:—But it causes thankfulness to my dear heavenly Father. Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XIII.

26 *December*, 1787.

'I am constrained in the language of the afflicted Psalmist to say,

"Thy *mercy* like a flowing tide,
"Hath all thy servants wants supplied."

'And with the poor widow, mentioned by Timothy, to make my imperfect supplications, night and day, to the Father of all mercies, and the God of all consolation. Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XIV.

24 *December*, 1788.

'Adored be his name, that opens a view of ineffable light;—light, that surpasseth the brightness

'brightness of the Sun, in its meridian glory.
'—Oh, my good Friend! the views of Eter-
'nity are inexpressibly pleasing.—There I shall
'be cloathed in the wedding garment, and
'sing Hosannahs, powerful Hosannahs, to the
'King of Peace, whose kingdom hath no end.
'—The water that hath lately appeared in
'my stomach, is a summons of importance.
'Pray to him that ruleth all things well, that
'I may still experience his help and support.
'Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XV.

In answer to a request that a Physician might be consulted.

26 *December*, 1788.

'I am exceedingly obliged, by the kind
'proposal, for alleviating my bodily malady.
'—But I am not favor'd with any clearness
'(or liberty) on that head; indeed I believe
'that every thing that can be done, has al-
'ready been done. Should I however, find a
'freedom in my mind, be assured I will com-
'ply; therefore I hope my dear Friends, will
'make themselves easy, as I can truly say, my
'*dear Saviour is near, and sweetens every bitter*
'*potion.*

'Favor me with your petitions for *resigna-*
'*tion*, to every dispensation of his divine wis-
'dom and Providence. Adieu.

'R. S.'

From

From what has been related at the beginning of this Narrative, and from the contents of the ſeveral Letters written by herſelf, it appears that R. S. experienced a ſingular divine work in her *infancy*; and that, notwithſtanding, in the courſe of her youth afterwards, it became obſcured; yet that ſhe was bleſſed with *great grace* in *early life*; that at the age of 30, or thereabout, a *deep* regenerating work commenced, was graciouſly carried on, under various diſpenſations, and through much tribulation, finally compleated; and that it may truly be affirmed, ſhe paſſed through a *refining* proceſs, and with Job, could ſay, *when he hath tried me, I ſhall come forth as gold.*

This muſt be more or leſs the experience of *every ſoul* that enters glory, ſtanding as ſhe did, on the only ſure foundation, CHRIST JESUS the LORD, the *only ſolid* ſupport in diſtreſs;—every other being as a broken reed or a building on the ſand.—This foundation, and this regenerating proceſs, enabled her to declare when near her diſſolution,—*I have nothing now to do, but paſs through the painful paſſage,—the valley and ſhadow of death.*—Happy, happy ſoul, thou didſt not build upon *ſpeculative opinions*, but on real, *ſubſtantial Faith*, deriving thereby a divine nature, from its true ſource, CHRIST JESUS, the Author and Finiſher of thy *Faith!*

And here Reader, thou haſt had a ſketch,—the outlines of a *Chriſtian*, not in name and

 appearance

appearance *only*, but in *reality* and *truth*. The Graces with which her ſoul were repleniſh'd, cannot be deſcribed and apprehended to and by the moſt acute underſtanding, whilſt in a ſtate of nature: They can be deſcribed and diſcerned, or conceiv'd only to and by thoſe that are *ſpiritual*; and do *themſelves experience* the ſame divine life and nature:—But it may truly be ſaid, (as the Queen of *Sheba* ſaid of *Solomon*) that not only the one half, but that not a thouſandth part of what ſhe poſſeſs'd, hath been declar'd—For ſhe largely partook both of the *Spirit* and the *Riches of him*, who is far greater than *Solomon* was in all his glory.

My ſincere wiſh, both for the reader and myſelf is, that we may *hunger* and *thirſt*, ſtrive and attain, as dear R. S. hath done, ever remembering, this experimental, ſcriptural truth, that it is through *much tribulation we enter into glory*;—*that we muſt mourn before we can be comforted.*—*If we would be Chriſt's diſciples, we muſt deny ourſelves, and take up the croſs and follow him—the world muſt be crucified unto us, and we unto the world. If we would receive an eternal weight of glory, we muſt have our ſhare of thoſe light afflictions, which are but for a moment.*—*If we would taſte the peaceful fruits of righteouſneſs, we muſt be exerciſed by thoſe chaſtenings, which for the preſent are not joyous but grievous.*—*Sorrows, anxieties, diſtreſſes, and afflictions, inward ſtruggles and outward trials, are all expedient*,—For let us remark and well obſerve,

obſerve, *that the ſeed of the incorruptible word, lies buried in the earthly heart, until* God, *by his Holy Spirit* (thro' the methods his wiſdom appoints) ſhakes the heart to its very *center.* —By ſuch means *this ſeed is called forth into a birth,—a real life and manifeſtation.—The fruits of regeneration, are the only certain marks by which it can be known*; and wherever the *fruits of love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance, are viſible, there undoubtedly the Spirit of* God *hath renewed or began its regenerating work.*

Oh that unthinking mortals, devoted to earthly pleaſure, *could but conceive an idea of thoſe ſublime joys, which the regenerate experience;—that delightful intercourſe with Heaven, which is opened to them in prayer,—that ineffable view that breaks in upon the eye of Faith—that refined entertainment which they enjoy in their retired moments.—Could they have the leaſt idea of ſuch delights, ſhame and confuſion would be felt, on a retroſpect of thoſe falſe unprofitable pleaſures* to which they have unhappily devoted their *immortal ſpirits.*—They *would then be convinced, they have been ſpending their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which ſatisfieth not.*

I ſhall now only relate one circumſtance, that was omitted in the account firſt committed to writing, and with which account this extraordinary character concludes;—namely, that a day or two preceding the death of R. S. ſhe ſaid,

I have been a faithful wife,—I have been a faithful wife,—many times repeating the ſame words —and then ſaid,—*That is now my comfort.*

Proceed we now to ſome particulars of the laſt ſolemn ſcene,—the cloſe of her precious life.

Having been favored with attending my dear Friend R. S. in her laſt moments, I committed to writing ſome *few* of thoſe comfortable expreſſions which then flow'd from her mouth, as well for a pleaſing *Memorial* to myſelf, as in hope they might afford encouragement and conſolation to my fellow travellers *Zion-ward*; at leaſt, I am fully confident, the following ſhort detail, containeth *Facts*, that undeniably diſcover *an inſtance* of the wonderful *power of religion, when ſeated in the heart.*

On the 24th day of the 4th month, (April) 1790, in the morning, *Nancy Edkins* call'd to acquaint me of the alarming ſituation of our valuable dear Friend.—Obſerving that ſhe had then been two days in violent pain in her bowels, unable to lie down, attended with an entire obſtruction of the paſſages; and that ſhe had been ſat up with the two preceding nights, —I had been prevented ſeeing her for upwards of two years; but now I went to her immediately, and found her, to my great ſurprize, very much alter'd; her body, from an increaſe of her diſorder, a dropſy; of aſtoniſhing bulk; her face and hands exceedingly emaciated.

She

She ſaid to me, *I have a comfortable hope that this will prove my laſt illneſs; theſe words have follow'd me for ſome weeks—What thou doeſt, do quickly—I have a baptiſm to be baptiſed with, and how am I ſtreightened until it be accompliſh'd. —and ſaid, ſhe had nothing now to do, but to paſs through the painful paſſage.*—I ſat up with her that night, during which ſhe experienced violent pain, the ſtoppage continuing, and not any thing ſhe took, had the leaſt effect for removing it; notwithſtanding which, her mind was preſerved in great tranquility, and in a ſtate of conſtant prayer, frequently breaking out in the following expreſſions—*Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.—It is all heavenly love, heavenly goodneſs.*

The 25th, Nothing remarkable.

The 26th. The ſame ſymptoms and violent pain continued, with her mind preſerv'd in perfect calmneſs, conſtantly expreſſing her confidence in God; and with *a ſweet voice* ſhe ſaid,

O! may I always ready ſtand
With my lamp burning in my hand:
May I, in ſight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

And added, *O! when will the happy moment come, that I ſhall hear the bleſſed voice?* She often ſaid, as we were ſitting around her, *Here is peace indeed! Heavenly peace! What a favor,*

to

to have a peaceful end! I am like Job, encreased in my latter end.

The 27th. The night preceding, she suffered much from a violent vomiting of putrid matter, which did not cease five minutes together, until six o'clock this morning.—She then desired *Nancy* to put on her cap, and wash her hands and face; and said, then *let us breakfast together*:—We accordingly had a most comfortable breakfast; and I could not avoid remarking, there was something joyous amongst us, and about the room, insomuch that I said, *it seems to feel as if we were going to a wedding.* I never remember her look more cheerful; her countenance exceedingly animated, and her eyes sparkling with joy; and continued conversing with us in the same sweet frame of mind, until twelve at noon, with *the freedom of a spirit released of all its burthens:* Nothing but heavenly love and heavenly joy: In short, it seemed to be a degree of rapturous enjoyment, such as language cannot express, and a foretaste of that happiness she was soon compleatly to possess.—She spoke of resignation to the will of God with a voice so *melodious*, that I seem *yet to hear it.* She also repeated the following lines from *Young's Resignation*:

For man to murmur and repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the Sun.

What!

What! tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.
An hour shall come:—(You question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Repeating a few lines more of the same import, she then fell into a sleepiness, but not stupor; for when she awoke, she was perfectly recollected: And upon being asked, if the sleep had refreshed? She replied, it was not sleep, but that her mind was in *a most comfortable state.*—At tea time she further revived, talking with us almost an hour, cheerful and pleasant, but her breath now began to be affected, and her voice to fail.—In the morning of this day a hearse and mourning coach pass'd by the window, which she observing, said, Ah! I hope you will soon have occasion to come here; and then added, *Blessed are the dead that die in the LORD.*—The same morning she likewise said, *I have been thinking of what* ANNA BULLEN *said, when King* HENRY *ordered her to be beheaded,—that he had given her a lift to Heaven; so,* said she, *I have no reason to complain of my Husband; he has only given me a lift to Heaven.*

The 28th, her pain became very violent in her chest. She compared it to a burning caustic. She could not so much as taste a tea-

spoonful

ſpoonful of wine, or the ſame quantity of rum in water, it only encreaſing the pain: So that 'twas manifeſt her ſpirits were not ſupported by any *artificial* cordial, though her ſpirits had never failed throughout this laſt painful illneſs. Her ſupport was *divine* and *ſupernatural.*—She now repeated the following text with remarkable energy,—*For we know that if our earthly houſe of this Tabernacle be diſſolved, we have a building of GOD; an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens*; and then ſaid, *pleaſe to read the chapter*;—this being done, ſhe ſaid, *That is enough.* Her mind was deeply centered in prayer, and an awful ſolemnity covered thoſe around her. She often repeating this paſſage,—*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*—At twelve o'clock this night, her breath became much obſtructed, and to appearance ſhe was near diſſolution; but revived again, and ſpoke to us; preſently ſaying, *dereſt Lord, when ſhall I come?* I ſaid, my dear Friend, I thought juſt now, thou was going. She replied, *I had indeed a ſweet ſight, and thought myſelf I was juſt gone*; or to that effect. Adding, *but I don't repine. His will be done. It is all heavenly goodneſs.* She would often lift up her eyes and ſay, JESUS CHRIST! as if ſhe *really ſaw him, and Heaven opened,* like the Diſciple of old; as *I believe ſhe did.*

The 29th, in the morning, I obſerv'd my dear Friend's countenance remarkably alter'd. —Before this time, it had the appearance of heavenly ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs, but now of *anguiſh,*

anguish, which occasioned unutterable pain in my own mind, such as I had not felt before, no not even a moment; it having been hitherto one continued scene of heavenly peace and tranquility.—In the afternoon I withdrew from the room, calling out *Nancy*, and enquir'd what she conceived to be the cause of such an alteration? She answer'd in a flood of tears—It is for her Husband; for she hath often declared, that if a thought of his not being happy hereafter, should arise, it would disturb her dying moments; and, said *Nancy*, I heard her in the night earnestly praying for him.—My mind now being satisfied as to the cause, I return'd, and sat a short space silent, when I seem'd compelled to say, my dear Friend, something is the matter. Is there any thing we can do? *There is something*, she replied, *but I have not freedom to tell you now; I will tell you one of these days.* This rais'd a reflection in my breast—that if I am not told now, it will be never; though I did not mention it. She shut her eyes and appeared in earnest supplication; then looking round on us, then at the watch, enquired, *What it was o'clock?* She was answered, *Four*; whereupon she said, *It is my husband; my dear Mr. Scudamore!*—I then asked whether she wished to see him? She lift up her hands and said, *O! no.*—I said, Is there any thing thou wisheth to have said to him; shall I go to him? *O! no.* Then I observ'd to her, thou wantest an internal evidence of his future happiness;—*That's the matter*, said she.—I then acquainted her, a

Friend had informed me, the Counſellor was yeſterday evening in a very ſuffering ſituation, ſo that ſhe might have hope. She then ſaid, *Now I think I ſhall ſoon ſink.*—Diſſolution rapidly approaching, her breath during this laſt hour became extremely laborious. She ſpake once to her dear *Nancy*, and many times look'd round upon us all, with *looks of* LOVE, then at the watch, and at *Sukey Edkins*, who was holding one of her hands; and *Sukey* ſaid, it wants ten minutes of five.—As ſoon as one of the town clocks was heard to ſtrike five, *Nancy* ſaid, my dear Friend, it is five o'clock, and before the laſt clock had done ſtriking, at *the very inſtant* uttering the words *dearest Lord*, ſhe expired.—Thus ended the mortal life of my *valuable very dear Friend*, REBECCA SCUDAMORE, with whom I had been acquainted upwards of thirty years. She firſt introduced me into the faſhionable world;—*Vanity* and *Folly!*—and through Mercy, ſhe was afterwards the happy inſtrument of bringing me to the precious knowledge of JESUS CHRIST; her tender watchful care and concern over and for me, cannot be deſcribed; and by her ſilent ſuffering example, I have often experienced great conſolation; humbly hoping, through divine help, I ſhall be enabled to follow her as ſhe hath follow'd CHRIST; and oh! that my latter end may alſo be like hers!

S. YOUNG.

BRISTOL, 1790.

P. S. During

P. S. During the laſt eight days ſhe could lay down only one hour the whole time, (being obliged to ſit erect in the chair where ſhe expired) ſlept very little, and took very little nouriſhment.—We often expreſs'd ſurpriſe that her head had been kept ſo perfectly clear—ſhe herſelf expreſs'd great thankfulneſs for it, ſaying, it was what ſhe had always aſked; and indeed her petition was fully granted, much to the comfort of thoſe about her.

N. B. It is to be remarked, that immediately after uttering—*Now I think I ſhall ſoon ſink*, the trial ended—the eyes of the dying Saint were obſerved to *ſparkle*, and her countenance to indicate *peace* and *joy*, and *a divine flame of light and love were rekindled.*

F I N I S.